

Eric Burdon

"St. James Infirmary"

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I went down to old Joe's bar
On the corner by the square
All the men were having drinks, same as usual
And the same old crowd was there

Oh, no
Oh, no
Oh, no

On my left stood my good friend, Joseph McKinley
Oh, his eyes were blood-shot and red
And he turned to the people standing by him
And these are the words he said

Oh, no
Oh, no
Oh, no

I went down to that St, James Infirmary
They had my baby there
She was lying on a long, long white table, yeah
So cold, so still, she was dead

Oh, no
Oh, no
Oh, no

Oh, no
Oh, no
Oh, no

Let her go, let her go God bless her
Wherever she may be
She can search, search this whole world wide over
But she'll never, find another man as good as me

Oh, no
No she'll never
Oh, no
Never find another man
Oh, no

Who'll treat her like I did
Oh, no
Give her all my money, yeah

Oh, no
Never find another man like me
Oh, no
Never find, never
Oh, no
No, she'll never
Oh, no
Never find another man like me

Oh, no
Never find another man, yeah
Oh, no
Never find another man, yeah
Oh, no
Never find another man, yeah
Oh, no
No, she'll never find another man who'll treat her like I
did

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